

THE PRETTY APPLE GIRL—A CINNAMONSTORY.

From Chapman's *Country Register*—
"Some years ago, when I was a rambler through the streets of Cincinnati, for the purpose of picking up trifles to interest the readers of the local columns of a city paper, I often purchased apples, nuts, and candies, of a young girl who had a stand near the junction of two business avenues.

She was not handsome, in the common interpretation of that much abused word, but there was an artlessness, and yet a winning grace, in her manners, which convinced me that her station in life should be above the one she then occupied. She wore, invariably, a close fitting pink calico dress. I felt that her parents must be very poor; and, as I saw her day after day in the same attire, I had my suspicions that her wardrobe could not be very extensive; yet, as she always appeared scrupulously neat and tidy, it was a great mystery to me how this striking neatness was secured, and why there was never any variety in her apparel. I saw that it was tasteful and becoming, but I knew that ladies are proverbial for a love of variety in dress, and I had an interest in knowing why this simple girl was so marked as exception.

I have always delighted to study character, either in high or low life, and I took it upon myself to investigate the pretty apple girl's personality.

Her fruit was ever clean and trim, and yet she was afraid to take us to America; Emilie told us in his letter that he lived at Boston, we inquired for Cincinnati, and were directed to this place. Mother bought this cottage, and here we have lived, expecting to meet Emilie."

"Have you never heard from him?" I inquired.

"Only once," she answered.

"Do you know where he is now?"

"No, indeed, if we did, we would not stay here long."

"Have you never written him?"

"We do not know his name. He has changed it, as he told us in his letter, but he neglected to tell us what name he now bears."

"Do you think you will ever find him?"

"Yes, indeed I do. I dream about him every night. I know he is not dead, and I shall soon meet him."

"What makes you so confident that you shall find him?"

I made this inquiry, hoping it might lead to some explanation of the pink dress and apple-selling mystery. She understood my look and tone of curiosity, and answered pleasantly:

"That will explain to you the romance of my dress and occupation. When Emilie and I played together in France, I often wore a dress very much like this one. If he should see me anywhere in this dress, he would know me. I might see him and not know him, but I would recognize me, and I would not dress in any other style, for fear we might miss each other."

"But why sell apples in the street?" said I, with a look of admiration for her devotion, which she could not mistake. "There is certainly no necessity, that you should find him?"

"Yes, there is," she answered, naively. "I must be where Emilie could see me, if he were to visit this city. I dare not be on the street all the time, unless I was occupied, and I never thought there was any disgrace in selling apples."

"Certainly not," I exclaimed, "but all who know your history will honor you. Accept my sincere wishes, that your devotion to the lover of your youth may be fully rewarded by an early meeting and a happy reunion."

"Thank you—thank you—but he is my lover now, as much as he was when we were in France, and I know I am going to see him soon. I'll show him to you before winter, I know I will. Mother says I am foolish, but something tells me to hope, and I do hope."

"May you not be disappointed?" I said almost involuntarily, "said in part.

A few days after this interview, I missed the apple-girl in the pink dress, from her accustomed stand. Fearing that she might be sick, I resolved to call at the cottage in the evening. When I went to the boarding-house in support, a note was handed to me. It contained these words:

"DEAR SIR—Come to our house this evening. We have something more to tell you about the romance, (you will call it) of my humble dress and occupation."

"THE APPLE GIRL."

I went—the mother stood in the door to welcome me, but the daughter ran to meet me, and taking both of my hands in hers, in almost delirium of joy she cried:

"He's come—he's come."

Her pink dress at the apple stand had met Emilie the day previous.

I stood that night as a witness to their union, and a happier wedding I never attended. The devotion of the simple-hearted girl was rewarded—her faith was not misplaced; her homey talisman proved a true one.

PARTY PREJUDICE.

A good anecdote is told of a man from New York who was visiting Washington at the time Mr. Van Buren was Vice President. Our friend was a red-hot democrat, and of course held Mr. Van Buren in the highest reverence—He sat in the circular gallery of the Senate, gazing at the Vice President with a mingled feeling of awe and State pride, when suddenly a tall and majestic form appeared at the side of the hall, and beckoned to Mr. Van Buren. There was little business doing, and the Vice President, calling a Senator to the chair, joined the person mentioned, when both seated themselves on a sofa, snuffed from the same box—the hand of the Vice President was laid playfully on the knee of his companion, and every now and then a hearty laugh would escape them, showing that whatever topic they were discussing, it was agreeable to both.

Our country friend, turning to a person near him, asked:

"Is that Mr. Calhoun with the Vice President?"

"No, sir."

"Is it Mr. Benton?"

"No, sir."

"Is it Gen. Wall?"

"No, sir."

"May I ask who it is?"

"Why, that is Mr. Clay."

"Mr. Clay! almost shrieked our friend, and does Mr. Van Buren speak to him? Rot me if I vote, for him again?" and the fellow stalked from the hall, firmly believing that the country was lost.

"I'll accept any conditions that I can fulfill," I answered, eagerly.

"Walk with me into the garden, then, and the girl."

We had a pleasant seat under a runger arbor, when the lady remarked—

"Mother told you that we once lived in a village, near Paris?"

"We were not rich, but we had a pretty cottage, and an income sufficient to support us. Father died when I was a little girl. I had no brother, but I had a playmate who was dearer to me than a brother. As we grew older, his parents, who were rich forbade him to visit the house. We met in the fields—

"We loved each other, and would not go

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